



Midnight City



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Chapter 1 by Food Nim

"Nobody really cares about the law here. Government antics had been thrown in the trash a while ago. We became the resistance. That's why we are kings. That is why we rule Midnight City."

Those short sentences are sure to never leave my mind. My father said those words to me as he was being taken by the police. Who knew that you could be arrested for fighting for your rights? But the resistance was slowly taking power.

I palmed the revolver hidden in my jean pocket. Everything had been so sudden. I didn't expect the revolution to happen so soon. Midnight City's defenses were at an all time low and I have to keep safe. Somehow.

I looked at the address scribbled neatly in my palm.

32 Herald street, house number 3211.

Hopefully, this guy can actually help me. Decent civilians were a rare thing these days. In the last safety-dome I lived in, a lady had the audacity to ask me if I could procreate with her daughter.

At least she had a cute son. God I

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at a time like this, has my respect.

I knocked twice and waited for a response.

Chapter 2 by SandyBeaches



"Who-who's t-t-t-t-there? D-d-d-don't-t-t k-kill me! P-please, I h-h-have s-so m-much to l-live f-for!" Called a paranoid sounding voice. Jeez, this stuttering mess was supposed to help me? No. Way. THIS was my dad's best friend? THIS THING was the leader of the whole !\$%&*#@\$ resistance? THIS?!?!?!? did I have the wrong address? Nope, right one. "I'm not going to kill you! I'm part of the resistance! My father is Joe Wane, please help!" The man flung open the door. He chuckled, "That's all I needed to hear," and raised a gun level with my heart.

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